
Title: Grandolf's Story

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The wind swept the
arctic plains, blowing
about the light snow
that had recently
fallen. The stench of
blood and filth filled
the icy winds,
attacking ones sense
of smell and leaving a
horrid aftertaste in
ones mouth. Rot and
decay filled the air,
clinging to the icy
texture of the air.
Grandolf looked about
warily, blood staining
his great battle axe
and dripping from his
ringmail tunic. A foul
lot were the undead
that plagued these
lands, and only fouler
were the orcs.
Gently he wiped the
axe on the snow, blood
seeping from the
warmed blade into the
frozen wastes.
Looking about at the
corpses that
surrounded him, he
gave a pleased smile.
Slowly and surely, he
moves to each corpse
and releaves them of
their money purses
and goods. After an
hour of this, he
slowly brings a goodly
sized money bag to
rest on his hip.

"A goodly haul, to be
sure..." He
whispered to himself,
as no one else was
about to hear his
words. Slowly he

made his way to the
coast of that icy land,
happy with the
outcome of the nights
end. He had hunted
here a few times
before, but 'twas
good enough that he
would visit it on many
more an occasion from
then on in. Slowly,
the snowy veils
lifted as he grew
closer to the coast, and
he could begin to make
out the lines of his
great vessel. But the
snowy airs had
tricked him, and as he
neared he could see in
fact that his ship lay
wrecked against the
ice. Uttering a silent
curse, he hopped onto
the frozen waters and
made his way to the
ship. Opening the
hatch to the hold, he
removed what stores
he could before the ice
began to crack.

Quickly he made his
way to the shore, and
watched as the ship
sank into the frozen
waters around it.

Grandolf stood there a
moment in thought,
gloved hand gently
stroking his worn
beard. What in blue
blazes made that ship
sink as it did? Never
before had it shown
signs of weakening,
enough to sink all of a
sudden. He let out a
gruff "bah" and
blamed it on the icy
lands, not bothering to
waste what little
thinking power he had
on such a grand
question. Survival
preceding all other
instincts, he knew
that shelter would be
key if he wanted to

survive this night.
The smells of a
campfire greeted his
nose after only a short
trek north, drawing
him closer to the
mountain chain that
made up a good deal of
the island. Groaning
as the cold in the air
begins to take its toll,
and the water from
the snow seeping into
his bones, he
stumbles into a
downtrodden path
leading into the
mountains. Soon
enough he finds
himself obscured
from viewing of the
outside world, high
mountainsides
blocking such sights.
A giant cave opening,
like a portal sprawls
up before him in the
cliff, the remnants of
a fire still sizzling in
their blackened pit.
Deciding that, whoever
or whatever made this
fire no doubt went
inside for comfort, he
moves deftly into the
tunnel and then closes
his eyes for a moment
to allow them to ease
into the darkness. As
he opens his eyes, he
sees not a cave but a
vast hallway, with
doors jutting off to
each and every side.
Stumbling forward in
the darkness, the
sounds of scratching
come unto his ears,
halting him in mid
stumble. Slowly
straightening and
removing his axe, he
watches with a stolid
face as a skeleton,
flesh still clinging to
parts of it's flesh,
ambles forward from
the darkness and to

him, a smaller battle
axe clutched in its
arms. Bringing his
axe high, then down
swiftly, he cleaves
the things shoulder in
two, toppling one of its
arms and loosening its
rib cages. The
creature lets loose a
wild swing with its
free blade, to late as
his axe comes down
once more, finding its
mark in its skull. He
looks down in disgust
at the pile of bones
crumpled before him
on the ground.
Spitting into the pile,
he looks up and about
at the sound of more
scratching, and an odd
mix of running water
and magic. Suddenly,
from behind him
spring several
skeletons, to many for
him alone to take.
Clutching his axe
firmly in hand, he
sprints forward into
the dimly lit
hallways, cursing his
luck in coming across
this place. Before
him the odd sound of
water and magic grow
louder, and as he
stumbles into the room
at the end of the
corridor, he sees
why. Before him
yawns the mamoth
figure of a water
elemental, arms
swinging wildly as he
stumbles infront of it.
Magic shoots from it,
to him, striking and
pushing him back
against a wall ajacent
to a pool of water.